SOCIAL SCIENCES

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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August 2, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

When a Rockefeller Needs a Friend

J. P. McFADDEN

The Crisis Is in Washington

Esquire's World and Joe McCarthy's

EDITORIALS

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · THOMAS MOLNAR
DEAN LIPTON · FRANK S. MEYER · GARRY WILLS
FINIS FARR · RICHARD WHALEN · RUSSELL KIRK

For the Record

Informed sources say the reason Great Britain moved into Jordan so rapidly is that she had received an ultimatum from Israel. "Either you go in," she was told, "or we will."

The uproar over CIA's most recent failure—in Iraq—probably won't result in legislation to establish a congressional watchdog committee over that agency this year. But sponsors of the proposed legislation are confident such a measure will be enacted in the next session. . . . Communist influence within the CIA is discounted as a serious factor in its failures, which derive from the fact that it is an unmonitored bureaucracy with unlimited funds, which has been free for a decade to play at king-making (but not saving) abroad, in secrecy and without congressional or public scrutiny, approval or knowledge. . . . Fidel Castro now is reported to have radio-telephone linkage not only with clandestine rebel stations in Mexico and other neighboring countries but with the official Venezuelan Radio-Continente.

The Council on Education Needs (P.O. Box 9026, Albany 9, N.Y.) is planning a statewide campaign aimed at decentralizing control of education in New York and wresting power from educational bureaucrats. State Assemblyman Wilson C. Van Duzer promises to investigate the Council's findings. . . . Federal aid to education, temporarily blocked at home, is going cosmopolitan. The Senate has passed and the House tentatively approved the use of $1.5 billion (realized from the sale of surplus farm commodities) for the expansion or operation abroad of "established" schools, colleges or universities founded or sponsored by U.S. citizens.

Communist China now has started the "nationalization of housing." Several thousand private homes already have been seized in Peiping. . . . Red China also is flooding Asia, and particularly Hong Kong, with low-priced "luxury" merchandise in a new economic war, undercutting established prices. Once in the market, the Reds then halt all shipments abruptly, leaving the British and Japanese to "explain" their own higher prices. . . . Tenth anniversary report on the British National Health Service: Cost, four times initial estimates; staff, three bureaucrats to every two family doctors; construction, none, not one new hospital.

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● Once upon a time regicide was the most serious crime, and those who committed it risked isolation from the company of civilized states. Nowadays, it has been demonstrated, things are very different, and it is only a matter of days before the entire world cheerfully readjusts itself to dealing not with a young king and his first minister, but with the people who hauled them out into a courtyard and shot them in cold blood. Faisal, a legitimate and decent ruler, deserved, one would think, a show of international grief, and a boycott against his killers. He died 169 years to the day after the beginning of the French Revolution, when the Jacobinical devil was first unleashed. Then there were the Burkes, at least, who mobilized the moral sentiment of the world against the slaughterers of the French monarchy. Today there is only the UN, and John Foster Dulles, winging his way to Baghdad to talk things over with Robespierre.

● Who would have believed it could happen! Nikita Khrushchev is coming to New York; we shall actually see him, one day soon, landing at Idlewild, registering at a Manhattan hotel, and moving freely about under the protection of the New York police. Now is the time for all good men to get to work in each and every organization they belong to to lay plans for seeing to it that 1) he shall not be paid any implicit honors, and 2) he shall remember his time in New York as the most embarrassing and uncomfortable two days he ever spent. NATIONAL REVIEW will pay $5.00 each for the ten best answers to the question: What to Do When Khrushchev comes to New York.

● The Archbishop of Canterbury recently lectured his contemporaries in terms that drew howls of anguish from the governing body of English appeasers, whose policy recommendations are more and more flavored by lurid accounts of nuclear death. To settle policy "out of fear of the consequences," Dr. Fisher reminds his age, is "never right." "I cannot," he goes on, "establish any policy merely on whether or not it will save the human race from a period of suffering or from extinction. . . . There is no evidence that the human race is to last forever and plenty of Scripture to the contrary effect." Indeed, it may be "within the Providence of God that the human race should destroy itself. . . ." We recommend Dr. Fisher to utter benediction at the Summit Conference.

● In his first fortnight as French Minister of Information, Jacques Soustelle has taken two important steps. 1) He has tightened his control over the nationalized French radio and television and over the press bureaus of the individual ministries, which means that he will call the turn in the propaganda field. 2) He has organized a "Union for French Renewal" whose main objective is to sell the French people on the constitutional reforms—still unwritten—which they will be asked to endorse or reject in October. Both are heartening developments since they amount to a declaration of war by Soustelle on the Communist Party. The Party has mobilized its entire apparatus for the defeat of constitutional amendments which, the Communists rightly fear, will signal an end of their power in the National Assembly.

● Just what is Dr. Milton Eisenhower doing in Central America? His trip has been meticulously described as a "study-goodwill" mission. But what kind of goodwill is generated by an honored guest who is whisked in and out of countries by the back door, for fear he will be insulted? And why should it be necessary to send the president of Johns Hopkins University to find out why there is friction between the United States and its neighbors in the South when our embassies and consulates are well staffed for just that purpose? So far as we can see, the only real initiative taken by Dr. Eisenhower has been in his unscheduled call on José Figueres, leader of the opposition party in Costa Rica, a fervent advocate of nationalization and international neutralism. To the bystander who recently called out, "Yankee go home," we comment: "Why not?"

● We follow the logic perfectly: Middle Eastern oil may, for this or that reason not too difficult to guess, become scarce one of these days; the government must think forward to the world-wide oil shortage that might result; and it turns, naturally enough, to a "committee of oil companies" for help in "planning" for such an "emergency." But we also have a long memory—long enough, anyhow, to recall that the government with its right hand (the Commerce Department) called on this self-same committee, the Foreign Petroleum Supply Committee, for the same kind of help in meeting the post-Suez-crisis shortage in 1956, then with its left hand (the Justice Department) indicted 29 oil companies for "conspiring" to raise and fix oil prices! That is a little like sending for the fire department to put out the fire in your house and then punishing it for reducing the community's water supply. The oil companies, this time around, should demand—and get—public assurances from Dwight Eisenhower that the farce will not be repeated.

● Too bad that Hugh Gaitskell, the British Labor Party leader who has denounced his country's policy on Lebanon, didn't live in the eighth century A.D. Too bad the British Labor Party wasn't around to function as the loyal Merovingian opposition. Both Hugh and his party could have had a wonderful time, using the same slogans. "The great expansive force of Arab nationalism" (Gaitskell's words) had swept across the Pyrenees and raided Burgundy. Abd-ar-Rahman, the Nasser of his day, had burned Bordeaux. So useless of Charles Martel to think of "fighting history" (Labor M. P. Fenner Brockway's justification for taking it lying down). So foolish to oppose the "spread of an idea" with Frankish armor. Wonderful thing, this nationalism (especially when it's being used as a stalking horse for Communist internationalism). Too bad Charles Martel didn't have Gaitskell around. Christian Europe might have been finished then, in 732 A.D., for the Labor Party might have managed to call off the Battle of Tours.

● As Brent Bozell reported in the July 5 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, virtually nothing is left of the fantastic claims of the educationists when one gets through reading the recent findings of the Institute of Social Science Research. And now comes Dr. Carroll Newsom, President of New York University, with another clincher that makes mock of the educationists' demands for Washington handouts. Says Dr. Newsom, there were 22,000 unfiled vacancies in the New York State private colleges last year. In other words, New York is actually over-invested in higher education facilities—and another $250 million will be spent in 1959-60 adding more buildings on New York private college campuses. Just how the educationists will juggle their figures to answer Dr. Newsom we do not know. But it will doubtless take more than arithmetic to get them to desert their wailing wall.

● Judge William Herlands of the Federal Court has denied the motion by Adam Clayton Powell Jr., who asked that his indictment be set aside on the grounds that the Grand Jury was criminally imposed upon by NATIONAL REVIEW. That much Judge Herlands had to do, because the law is pretty plain. The press, however, reports some quaint asides in His Honor's 30-page opinion which can be interpreted as critical of NATIONAL REVIEW's role in making public the abuse of the jury by the U.S. Attorney. We hope Judge Herlands has been misquoted (we have not seen the opinion) and assume he has, just as we assume he is on the side of those who seek to further justice, not those who seek to obstruct it.

● The stock market reacted to the Lebanese crisis by staging a sustained week-long rise. Why? Did the bulls, in patriotic fettle, conclude that we were about to take a strong stand against creeping Soviet encirclement? Or did they know, in their cynical hearts, that we would fail to push on from Lebanon into Iraq? Or did they figure they couldn't lose: Possibility Number One: if we were resolved on firmness, inventory buying would boom the price of stocks. Possibility Number Two: if we were to backtrack, and eventually desert the Middle East, Western Europe would turn to the U.S. for sustenance *via* increased lend-lease spending which would simultaneously sell our goods and further inflate our currency. A suggestion: let Wall Street create a Muse of Irony and adopt it for its very own.

● The Soviet Union has it all figured why Admiral Lewis L. Strauss declined a second term as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. Domestic Communist sources were relatively quiet on the subject, but a Radio Moscow Communist Persian-language broadcast recently announced "the real cause." The United States' "refusal" to follow the Soviet lead in suspending nuclear tests was "tantamount to fighting the wishes of all progressive humanity." Western statesmen who "act against the will of the majority of nations have met the increasing opposition of the masses even within the Western countries." It was "under these circumstances," Radio Moscow concluded, that "Strauss became the object of public resentment" and "sensing this, he hastened to resign." All anti-Communist officials, please note.

● The Tuscarora Indians, one of the tribes of the Iroquois Federation, are continuing their battle to prevent the New York State Power Authority from pre-empting 1,343 acres of their tribal lands. Undismayed by losing a decision in the U.S. District Court, Chief Black Cloud Greene, of the Sand Turtle clan, is seeking support from the five other Iroquois tribes, and from Indians throughout the country, as well as from a Supreme Court appeal. "Selling out to the white man"—who in the person of Robert Moses has offered to pay about twenty times what the land is worth—"would be a violation of our self-respect. We won't sell at any price." Mad Bear, a vigorous young brave leading a faction that want to go openly on the warpath, declared: "I'm all for taking it before the United Nations."

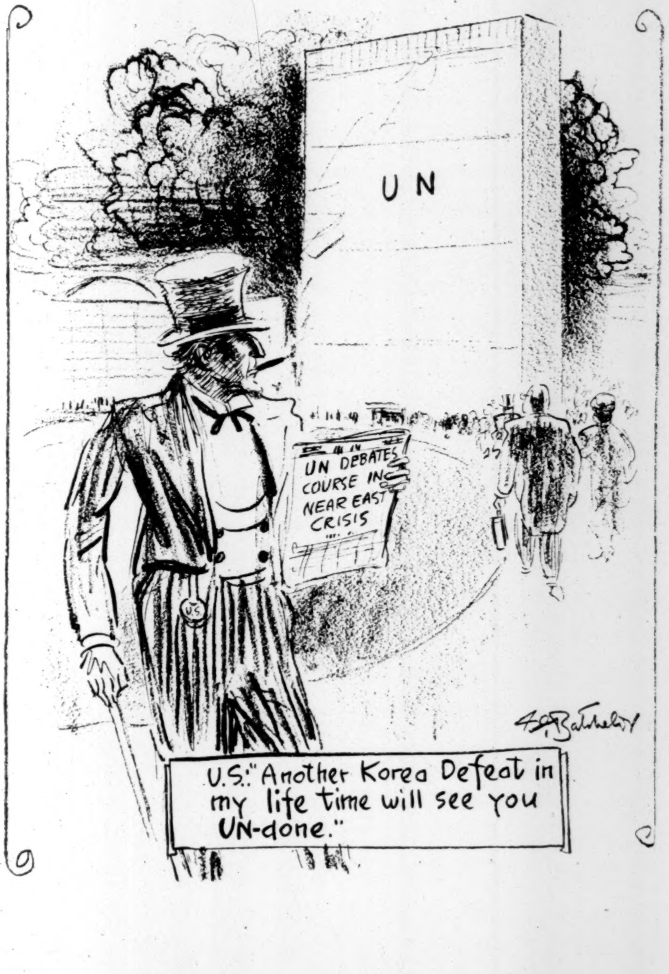
● Talk about an overnight hit! There isn't an American composer can claim such an achievement. Just consider the timetable. On July 15, President Eisenhower ordered the Marines into the Middle East. By July 19, Radio Peiping reported that No. 1 on the current Chinese Hit Parade was the new and captivating ditty: "U.S. Imperialists get out of Lebanon!"

The Mideast Crisis Is in Washington

Right or wrong, well or ill-advised, the landings in Lebanon at least prove that our nation is still alive. After the total failure of response to the East German rising, to Poznan and Hungary and Indonesia, to the kidnapping of American citizens, the smashing of American buildings and defiling of American officials, the question whether we were alive or dead was wide open.

It is easy to be scornful from the sidelines. Let us keep in mind, with due humility, that in an age of H-bombs and missiles the decision to order troops into motion is awesome. Still, the line must be drawn somewhere. At some point—unless we are ready for final surrender—we must say: no further.

But what troubles and puzzles us about our Lebanon intervention is that in spite of the commotion, no line seems to have been drawn. *Why* are the marines and paratroopers in Lebanon? What is their objective? Their mission? How can action in Lebanon undo the disaster in Iraq? . . . The landings from sea and air were a model exercise. Our military commanders are evidently alert and able to carry out the will of our civilian leaders, when there is a will. But as the sterile days pass, it becomes clearer and clearer that the decision to intervene sprang not from firm, coherent policy, but from panic.


UN
UN DEBATES COURSE IN NEAR EAST CRISIS
U.S.: "Another Korea Defeat in my life time will see you UN-done."

Guns are no substitute for policy. There is no use shooting, or being primed to shoot, unless you know what you are shooting at, and for.

For five and a half years the Eisenhower Administration has followed a policy of "disengagement," appeasement, and retreat before the unrelenting onslaught of the Communist conspiracy for world conquest. The landings in Lebanon are not serious—are indeed an irresponsible provocation—unless they mark a sharp and lasting break with this whole course of past policy, and the premises upon which it has been founded. The early evidence shows no such break, but suggests rather an obsessed persistence in those same fatal errors that have brought us to the present catastrophic impasse. For example:

Foreign Aid:

The dispatch of the marines was triggered by the anti-Western revolt in Iraq. Iraq has been one of the major recipients of aid both military and economic. Yet the Administration declares that the Mideast crisis proves we must pile on more aid.

United Nations:

When the time came for action, the UN proved to be—as conservatives consistently had predicted—a bureaucratic millstone tied to our neck. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold has almost openly sabotaged our action. Our government squanders its attention and energy on paralyzing UN procedures at a period when survival may literally depend on quick, bold moves. Yet we continue to repose our national fate on the UN altar.

Central Intelligence Agency:

Once again in this crisis the CIA proved its bewildering incompetence to serve the national interest with either the timely warning or the preventive action that is its excuse for being. CIA has never had the least comprehension of the fact that what is going on in the Mideast is not a crusade by "Arab nationalism" or a "struggle for oil" but the drive by Communist Russia for control of the strategic key to Eurafrica that James Burnham analyzes on page 108. Yet there is scarcely a word of criticism of CIA, or the least effort to unburden it of the men and policies responsible for its enduring string of failures.

Summit:

The plainest sign that the military move is a spastic jerk rather than a basic shift in policy is Mr. Eisenhower's capitulation to Khrushchev on the issue of a summit meeting. This indicates that the President has learned nothing from the debacle of the 1955 Geneva Summit Meeting which was the

Esquire's World and Joe McCarthy's

Esquire is trying to stir a public fuss by lavishly publicizing an article in its current issue on the "Last Days of Joe McCarthy." It is touted by the publisher (how could such an irony have slipped by!) as a "Revealing, Explosive Document!" Everyone will recall two of the Senator's beloved adjectives, the use of which his enemies regularly denounced. The beginning of knowledge in the struggle to understand the McCarthy era is to recognize that nothing McCarthy had to say could, *eo ipso*, qualify, in the Liberal community, as "revealing" or "explosive"; only that which was said *about* McCarthy measures up, as when a Committee of Wisconsin bluebloods inferentially accused McCarthy of malingering while in the line of duty in the Pacific ("sensational disclosures," the *Progressive* magazine proclaimed); or when Senator Ralph Flanders concluded that abnormal impulses explained the attitude of Senator McCarthy toward Roy Cohn; or as when Richard Rovere concludes that McCarthy was cynically, wholeheartedly indifferent to the cause to which he feigned total dedication.

That last is the Explosive Revelation in this latest venture by McCarthy's enemies in retroactive vindictiveness. Executed by the elegant hand of Richard Rovere, the "document" (unlike so many McCarthy came up with) is not revealing (at least not of Joe McCarthy) and certainly not explosive. McCarthy's sincerity was noisily questioned all along the line, on such air-tight grounds as that during his first four years in the Senate he did not give Communism the time of day, from which it follows that when he *did* turn to the problem, his interest was factitious. (See?) "McCarthy was a great demagogue," Mr. Rovere concludes, "but he was an essentially frivolous one," else he would not have allowed the paltry events of 1954 to end his career. "McCarthy was a demon" all right, "but he was not . . . a man possessed by demons." Unlike the typical demagogue, he "lacked belief in the sacredness of his own vision." And that is why, thank heaven, the Republic was spared a resurrection out of the ashes of defeat, whence he might well have arisen, had he believed in his own cause, further to plague his countrymen, and the world.

The real point in Mr. Rovere's piece is veiled, but brazen. It is not that McCarthy didn't believe in what he was doing, *but that there was nothing there for McCarthy* (or anyone else) *to believe*. Not once in his lengthy post-mortem does Rovere allude to the problem of Communist infiltration or Soviet espionage. Rovere is deeply fascinated by his surmise that the day before naming him as America's Number One Soviet agent, McCarthy had probably never heard the name of Owen Lattimore—and not at all disposed to pause over the question whether the moment was long overdue for all good men to look into the record of Owen Lattimore, vital instrument (numerical rating aside) of the Soviet conspiracy. McCarthy dealt in "sheer fabrication"; he traded in "wholly imaginary texts"; he practised a thing called the "Multiple Lie." McCarthy, in a word, operated parasitically in a wholly imaginary world, a world (would you *believe* it?) where men and women freely conspire to plot the death of their freedom and everyone else's, where men of orthodox upbringing and honorable aspect labor clandestinely for the triumph of barbarism over civilization, infiltrating the tissue of free societies, dimming the vision, paralyzing the will, and bringing them down in moral and physical collapse . . . a world stubbornly invisible to Richard Rovere, and others. But it was a real world to Joe McCarthy, as real as the world he lived in, and we live in. A world the Western division of which is dominated by anti-McCarthyites, who year after year smite down the McCarthys, and yield ground to the Communists.

It is a hopeless, quite literally hopeless, task to bring the professional critics of Joe McCarthy to examine the facts on which they hang their brutal indictments. A Certified Accountant of the Public Record, if there were such a thing, would have sent Rovere's article back to the publisher as unfit to appear side by side with history. Much of it, to be sure, might be allowed to stand as subjective evaluation. Rovere writes of McCarthy's supporters that they were "haters," that "at a word from McCarthy" their "hate glands would puff and swell" and "fresh supplies of venom would flow into their venom sacs." Maybe that's the way we looked to Rovere. No wonder he and his friends were so scared. Scared of us—but not of the Lattimores or Lattimore's sponsors. That is the same world where people expend their evangelical energies railing against Franco not Khrushchev, Batista not Mao, Lewis Strauss not Linus Pauling, the House Committee on Un-American Activities not the Institute of Pacific Relations. That dreamworld Joe McCarthy was not born into. That McCarthy's world, not Rovere's, is the real one is certainly cause for bipartisan regret.

There are several of us at NATIONAL REVIEW who know a good deal about the last days of Joe McCarthy, easily enough to topple the major hypotheses of Mr. Rovere. This much of the story can be told: that McCarthy felt deeply. He felt deeply as anyone must who has any notion, however derived, what hour it is in Western history. He saw what Richard Rovere, for all his experience with Communism, has yet to see. In his own way McCarthy struggled to make others see. He is, unfortunately, survived mostly by men who struggle—some, like Rovere, mightily—to keep others blind.

takeoff point for the current series of Mideast disasters. To grant the admissibility of a summit meeting at this point (whether or not it is ever actually held)—a meeting which could only be a propaganda spectacle—is equivalent to saying that the landing of the troops was not serious, was itself just another propaganda stunt in the debasing game. Naturally the Kremlin—thrown momentarily off balance by what *might* have been a serious turn in U.S. policy—tries to neutralize the effect of our military presence in the Mideast and to gain time for its own countermoves by entangling us in negotiations. We rush into the net and, after landing 10,000 combat troops—confine them to quarters!

It is an optical illusion to see a kaleidoscopic series of separate crises all over the globe: in the Middle East today, yesterday and tomorrow in Algeria, Indonesia, Cambodia, Hungary, Suez, China. There is one basic and continuing crisis—the crisis in Washington—and this crisis poses again and again the identical question: Do we as a nation possess the will to resist the Communist drive for world conquest; the will, in short, to survive?

Give us Some Wild Young Men

In a recent conversation with Wilbur J. Bender, Harvard's Dean of Admissions, a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal* turned up the singular fact that American colleges are becoming uneasy about the caliber of students recruited by their own high admission standards. Seems that the colleges are now tending to get a uniformly "safe" and unadventurous product, a sort of "campus organization man" whose sole aim is to make the honor roll so that a big corporation will hire him and let him go on being an "organization man" until death or Social Security intervenes. Gone is the student who might be coruscatingly brilliant along one line and quite mediocre (or bored) in another. Gone, in short, is the undergraduate who might prove himself in after life to be a creative genius, or at least a dedicated "original."

If the good Dean isn't just seeking a formula to justify the coddling of campus Reds and other Liberal-approved delinquents, we find his point well taken. We recall that Winston Churchill, master of forensic prose, was a schoolboy dunce when it came to Latin; that "Boss" Kettering, the inventor of the automobile self-starter, had trouble with his teachers because of his perverse way of going off on odd tangents; that General Wedemeyer, who planned the Normandy invasion, did not begin to shine as a student until his mature years at the Leavenworth staff school; that Scott Fitzgerald didn't come within miles of Phi Beta Kappa at Princeton; that Bertrand Russell was no great shakes as a schoolboy mathematician, etcetera, etcetera.

We hope Dean Bender will encourage those wild young men who go so far as to think that Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr. is sometimes wrong. Surely they have a great future ahead of them!

Bound Volumes

NATIONAL REVIEW will shortly have available a limited number of indexed bound volumes covering the period from January 1957 through June 14, 1958. These three volumes are: Volume III (Jan.-June, 1957); Volume IV (July-Dec., 1957) and Volume V (Jan.-June, 1958). Prices: $20.00 the volume, two for $35.00, three for $50.00. But the supply is strictly limited, and orders will be filled on a first come, first served basis. Please send your request as soon as possible. All orders will be acknowledged immediately, and the volumes will be sent as soon as available. Write Dept. K, NATIONAL REVIEW, 211 East 37th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

On Being Coldly Intellectual

In the past few years the *New York Herald Tribune* has engaged in fascinating, if frantic, personnel shuffling. The old stalwarts are still there, but new faces crop up regularly and (in most cases fortunately) quickly disappear. From time to time editorial assignments have involved eye-catching *mélanges de genre*, as, for example, when Sloan Wilson, author of *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, appeared, one gloomy day, as Education Editor. To be sure, on a bright day not many months later, he disappeared as Education Editor—and went off to write his latest novel, *A Summer Place*.

Recently Mr. Wilson, who served the mighty *Tribune* as authority on education, was interviewed by Mike Wallace, and laid bare his philosophy of life. What was the literary message of his most recent book? ". . . my main character," answered Mr. Wilson, ". . . gives intellectual proof of the validity of pessimism. Q. What does that mean? A. I mean that there's no real, coldly intellectual argument for anything but despair. Q. Why? A. We're all headed for the grave. This is the only thing you can definitely know, in a cold intellectual sense . . . *I can think of absolutely no way to prove that life is worth living.*" Down, then, with any school, or system of education, that teaches that life *is* worth living. Such schools are not coldly intellectual, like Mr. Wilson, or like the men who selected him to be Education Editor of the *Herald Tribune*.

Notes and Asides

Our subscribers recently received a letter informing them of NATIONAL REVIEW's financial trouble and requesting their help. It is still too early to draw any final conclusions concerning the response, but it is already possible to say that it has been, for NATIONAL REVIEW's staff, a stirring experience. We shall have a definitive report on this subject for you within a few weeks.

We remind our readers that we are on a fortnightly publication schedule. The next issue after this will be dated August 16.

NATIONAL REVIEW has a problem—and the devil's own time solving it. We take for granted, we hear sometimes from our critics, a familiarity with people and events that we have no right to take for granted. To which we have been replying: repetitions are tedious, and the problem is how to find the golden mean between tiresome repetition of known facts, and esoteric references to data which mean nothing to many readers.

Let us try to be specific. Suppose the name of William F. Knowland comes up, in some connection or other. As things now stand, we would refer to him as "Senator William F. Knowland." Note we do not bother to go one step further and say "Senator William F. Knowland of California"—and resist the elaborated identification, "Senator William F. Knowland of California, Republican Senate leader, candidate for Governor in California." But Senator Knowland's is an easy case, we think: we write often of "Senator Knowland" and all our readers can be counted on to know whom we are talking about; and know, moreover, that we are talking about a man we (usually) love.

Example number two: We are moved to write an editorial concerning, say, the latest impudence of Joseph L. Rauh Jr. How do we refer to him? His name has so often crossed our lips that we expect that our readers will not only remember who he is, but giggle at the mere mention of his name, and all the wonderful visions it conjures up of midnight meetings with Paul Hughes discussing the size of Senator McCarthy's hidden arsenal . . . But evidently we are not safe in our calculations, for we fall easily into the trap of assuming that because we are, here at the office, professionally involved in the ideological war, others are too, and can be expected to remember every hummock on the battlefield at the merest mention of its location: so a straight "Joseph L. Rauh Jr." will not do.

What is a reasonable compromise? "Mr. Joseph L. Rauh Jr., Washington attorney, former chairman of the ADA"? Enough? Should we regularly remind the reader that we speak of a man of vast and variegated experience? The problem becomes more than mere *identification*: should we not characterize? *Time* magazine solves the problem by selective physical description, *e.g.*, "tall, straight-backed, graying" (*Time* likes), or "squat, bleary-eyed, nose-picking" (*Time* no like). If one eschews this method, characterizations must be by other means. We might write, "Joseph L. Rauh Jr., Washington attorney, sometime chairman of Americans for Democratic Action [should we explain what the ADA is?], chief paymaster to anti-McCarthy confidence man Paul Hughes [identify? very well, then:] who made an easy living off Rauh by selling him lurid, harebrained accounts of McCarthy's covert malfeasances," etc., etc.

We go into the above merely to assure our beloved readers that our mind is hard on the subject, trying to find a way to do the thing right. We do not want to appear, in the editorial pages, to be going about the room exchanging secret handshakes. But we do not, either, want our readers to feel that we do not credit them with absorbing and retaining *any* of the material we forward week after week.

How do other periodicals solve the problem as regards *us*? Our readers will be glad to know that more and more our humble journal is referred to *not* as "NATIONAL REVIEW, the magazine of the Neanderthal Right," or "NATIONAL REVIEW, the magazine of the extreme right," but more and more by the use of the single dirty term, "NATIONAL REVIEW" (snarl).

Our Contributors: J. P. MCFADDEN ("When a Rockefeller Needs a Friend"), Assistant to the Publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW, began his career as a newspaper reporter and later served with a U.S. intelligence agency in Europe. . . . RICHARD WHALEN ("Charlottesville Faces Integration"), Brooklyn-born assistant to Editor J. J. Kilpatrick of the Richmond (Va.) *News Leader*, writes that he has spent an enlightening year "roaming around the hinterlands of Virginia and the border country of North Carolina." . . . DEAN LIPTON ("California: Sabotage—Political and Fiscal") is a Democrat who was a member of the influential Young Democrats of California and public relations director of its San Francisco club. . . . THOMAS MOLNAR ("If You Differ, You're a 'Deviant' ") teaches in the Modern Language Department of Brooklyn College. He is a frequent contributor to various magazines.

The Royal Road to Albany

When a Rockefeller Needs a Friend

Not since Wendell Willkie's putsch of 1940, says the author, has there been anything like it! Question: Why are Republicans falling for it?

J. P. McFADDEN

Harry Hopkins would have understood the drive to secure the Republican gubernatorial nomination for Nelson Rockefeller. For he had a taste for what he used to call "tame millionaires." As early as 1934 he collected Averell Harriman, who had grown weary of Wall Street and turned eagerly to Ideology. Harriman stayed with the New and Fair Deal Administrations, rising to the rank of Ambassador and Cabinet member; and, ultimately, to the governorship of New York. In 1956, he was a Presidential candidate in his own right. It was about five years after Harriman that Harry Hopkins added Nelson Rockefeller to his collection. At the tender age of thirty-two Rockefeller became, for reasons no one has ever been very clear about, Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, and he served in that capacity during the ensuing war years.

It was in March of 1957 that Averell Harriman, speaking at the Legislative Correspondents dinner in Albany, proposed that the Republicans nominate Nelson Rockefeller to run against him for Governor in 1958. On a television program just a few weeks ago, Harriman took credit for the original sponsorship of Nelson Rockefeller as his Republican opponent in the fall. He said that since Mr. Eisenhower, as President, had seen fit to indicate *his* preference (for Leonard W. Hall), he, Harriman, as Governor of New York, was entitled to make a nomination too, and that he had selected Nelson Rockefeller. *I.e.*, the Republican closest to his own political position. It is up to the delegates to the New York State Republican Convention, who will meet in Rochester on August 26, 1958, to ratify, or reject, Mr. Harriman's nomination. As things look now, in the closing weeks of the most effective public relations operation since Wendell Willkie's in 1940, it looks like Harriman *vs.* Rockefeller, a polite contest between men of virtually identical political faiths.

Nelson Rockefeller has had other sponsorship which deserves attention. About six months ago, a telegram arrived at the White House, addressed to Dwight D. Eisenhower and signed by Tex McCrary, recently in the news as public relations adviser to Bernard Goldfine in the affair of the vicuña coats. McCrary's telegram informed Ike that Nelson Rockefeller was the only Republican in the State of New York worthy to carry the banner of "modern Republicanism" in the 1958 gubernatorial election. (McCrary was correct.)

Tex McCrary has managed to take an active part in Republican affairs for quite a few years now, and hit his stride when, in 1952, he called Robert A. Taft a liar on a television network. His counsel to the White House on how to look after the fortunes of New York Republicanism is free, gratis. But it is not, presumably, unrelated to his professional obligations as "public relations adviser" for the *New York Herald Tribune;* which, in turn, has served (free, gratis?) as public relations headquarters for Nelson Rockefeller.

In any event, it is the *Herald Tribune* that has provided the chief ballyhoo for the Rockefeller buildup. The paper has not yet come out for Rockefeller editorially, but has in effect turned itself over to Rockefeller, with the result that its news columns have consistently magnified and exaggerated pro-Rockefeller developments, and obscured or ignored developments favorable to other candidates. The lengths to which the *Herald Tribune* has gone in slanting its news were shown not long ago when a front page headline credited Rockefeller with 700 delegate votes. The *New York Times,* the same day, gave him 254. And the *Tribune's* publisher, Ogden Reid Jr., has taken a personal hand in the maneuvering to line up New York County delegates behind Rockefeller.

In addition to delivering the *Herald Tribune,* McCrary spread the report that Jock Whitney, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's and heavy financial angel to New York State Republicans, was behind Rockefeller. Whitney, taken aback, took an early opportunity to contradict McCrary, declaring himself neutral, and Tex an "eager beaver." Jock Whitney's disengagement may have been *pro forma;* for it is unlikely that, if he felt strongly about the desirability of neutrality, he would have countenanced the *Herald Tribune's* performance during recent months. For Jock Whitney is holding the *Tribune* together. The team of Rockefeller-Whitney-McCrary is not likely soon to disband. They have worked together before, as when, in 1956, they worked so avidly to secure the New York senatorial nomination for the Republican Party's leading left-winger, Jacob Javits.

The Rockefeller Reports

Basic to the Rockefeller buildup for governor was a highly publicized series of reports on defense policy, foreign aid, the American economy, and education. These reports were the handiwork of many men; but they were presented to the public as the more or less personal contributions, to the public understanding, of Nelson Rockefeller. One by one, as the reports were released, they appeared as Rockefeller's on the front pages throughout the state, and it was Rockefeller who made television appearances in connection with each of them. *Newsweek* reported that these reports alone cost the Rockefeller Fund, Inc. (a tax-exempt foundation) $500,000. Certainly it would have cost Rockefeller that much at least to pay for the publicity he received as a result of the reports.

The reports themselves contributed nothing in the way of new information, or new thinking. The report on defense merely echoed the analysis and conclusions of the Gaither Report, previously prepared by a committee appointed by the Eisenhower Administration. The report on the U.S. economy recommended a tax cut to avoid a depression, and called for increased government spending and increased government enterprise. The report on international economic policy is a rehash of proposals previously put forward in connection with the Point Four program, foreign aid, free trade, common markets, etc. The report on education catalogued many of the things that are qualitatively wrong with American education—and then called for more spending.

The Rockefeller reports raise a number of interesting questions. The Republican delegates at Rochester, and the electorate of the State of New York, are entitled to wonder where a Republican governor would turn for advice. Whom would Nelson Rockefeller appoint, as the foreword to the first of his reports puts it, "to assess major problems and opportunities which are likely to confront Americans over the next ten years?" Under the name of Nelson A. Rockefeller as chairman of the panel we find Adolf A. Berle Jr., of New York's left-wing Liberal Party; Chester Bowles, Harry Truman's Ambassador to India and FDR's OPA boss; Gordon Dean, Harry Truman's Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission; Anna Rosenberg, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Mr. Truman; and Dean Rusk, Assistant Secretary of State to Dean Acheson (who hailed the Chinese Communists, on their entry into Shanghai, as modern counterparts of the Minute Men of the American War for Independence).

When we look for men and women who served the Eisenhower Administration in Washington, we find three names—two of Democrats! — Oveta Culp Hobby and Robert B. Anderson. The non-political Arthur F. Burns, who came with Eisenhower to Washington from Columbia University, fills out the list. Apparently Rockefeller was not able to find a single person significantly connected with the Republican Party, who was qualified to join in "assessing the major problems and opportunities which are likely to confront Americans over the next ten years." There's a lot of comfort there for the members of the Democratic and Liberal parties in New York; but not so much for the Republicans who will gather in Rochester; or for the voters who, in November, will look for an alternative not only to Harriman, but to his philosophy of government.

Tax-Exempt Campaign

Much of the political master-minding and contact work that has been done in behalf of Rockefeller has been the work of Frank Moore, who is widely experienced and well known in New York State political circles. Moore served as Lieutenant Governor under Dewey and resigned in September 1953 to head a new tax-exempt foundation set up by—Nelson Rockefeller. The foundation is known as the Government Affairs Foundation, and has the announced purpose of advancing and improving the science of government. Thus far it has made no known contribution to this objective (if one discounts the gift of Nelson Rockefeller to active political life), and the exact character of its activities, beyond supporting Frank Moore, much of whose time is spent supporting Rockefeller's candidacy, has not been divulged.

The public relations for Nelson Rockefeller have been handled by Frank Jamison, who is paid with the tax-exempt money of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. For some months, newspapermen have known that Nelson Rockefeller was shopping around for a seasoned political press man. Recently Richard Amper, Albany correspondent for the *New York Times*, was hired—not by Nelson Rockefeller, but by one of his foundations. It is reported that he is to be given a leave of absence by the Foundation to handle press relations for Rockefeller during the political campaign. Without a foundation in his pocket, another candidate would find it difficult to persuade a newspaperman to leave the security of the *New York Times* to run the risks of a political campaign.

There are others on the payroll of the Rockefeller foundations who have been handling phases of the Rockefeller campaign. It would take a congressional investigation to identify all of those who have received funds from the Rockefeller foundations and who have performed services in promoting Rockefeller's political aspirations.

The Phantom Poll

Judson Morhouse, New York State Republican Chairman, has been acting the role of unofficial campaign manager for Rockefeller. He has been going around the state showing Republican county chairmen a public opinion poll which indicates that the name Rockefeller is recognized by more people in the state than that of any other potential Republican candidate. He has declined to say publicly how many persons were sampled, what questions were asked, who paid for the poll, how much it cost, or what were the specific results. He has also not made it clear whether the "Rockefeller" recognized by the respondents is the founder of the Standard Oil Company, the builder of Rockefeller Center, the divorced husband of Bobo, Bobo herself, one of the foundations, the owner of the dog which won first prize in a showing two weeks ago; or Nelson. (One wonders in what connection the average New Yorker has heard of Nelson Rockefeller. As sometime Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs?) In 1956 Harold Stassen conducted a Private Poll which he said showed that the presence of Richard Nixon on the national ticket would cost President Eisenhower "millions of votes" in November. Stassen never would reveal how the poll was taken, what questions were asked, how many persons were sampled, who took the poll, or who paid for it. In 1954 the Republican State Committee of New York treated *itself* to a private poll. It showed—conclusively—that Senator Irving M. Ives was a cinch to be elected governor.

Probably the most curious thing about the behavior of Morhouse and other Republican leaders in New York is their apparent willingness to accept the winner of a personal notoriety contest (assuming it was a fair contest, and Nelson Rockefeller in fact won it) as their choice for Governor of the State of New York. Apart from Tex McCrary and Averell Harriman, who are satisfied with Nelson Rockefeller's political philosophy, others, *e.g.*, Mr. Morhouse, appear not to have given the matter a moment's thought. What are Rockefeller's political instincts? Where would he take the Party? What would he do with the Party organization? What is his ability as campaigner?

What Indeed?

Except for those positions he has inferentially taken via the Rockefeller Reports, Nelson Rockefeller has fastidiously abstained from taking any position on the issues that face any man who wants to be governor of the most powerful state in the Union. He has been shielded from questions, and has ducked debate. His campaign has consisted entirely of his publicized reports, grandiose claims of delegate support, the emission of pleasantries—and the circularization of Mr. Morhouse's poll proving that Rockefeller is a well-known name.

The most emphatic political position Rockefeller has thus far taken during his campaign has been his refusal to take a position on the Republicans' incredible nomination of Adam Clayton Powell Jr. (the Democrats having dropped him) for Congress. And thereby hangs a tale.

About a year ago a group which included John Roosevelt and Charles Willis, sometime patronage dispenser for Eisenhower, with offices in the White House, formed an insurgent Republican Club in New York County whose avowed purpose it was to dump New York County Republican leader Tom Curran. Most of its members had been active in Citizens for Eisenhower; Willis was one of the founders of Citizens for Eisenhower, whence he had gone to the White House. The insurgent group was getting nowhere until it organized a "Draft Nelson Rockefeller Committee"—under the chairmanship of Roosevelt and the vice-chairmanship of Willis. The second group to proclaim for Rockefeller was a committee called "People for Rockefeller," organized by a Negro public relations man named John Young.

Charles Willis, it turns out, is the man who was in touch with Adam Clayton Powell Jr. for the White House when Powell came to the support of Eisenhower in the 1956 election. And John Young, of "People for Rockefeller," also acts as Powell's public relations adviser.

Rockefeller's ties with New York's Liberal Party are reported to be very close. His wife used to enroll in the Liberal Party in New York because she was "disgusted" with both major parties. It will not be easy for him to follow the Republican line of attacking Averell Harriman for his deep involvement with the pro-Socialist Liberal Party of New York. Victor Riesel, who is close to David Dubinsky of the Liberal Party, wrote in his column of June 29:

> A Roosevelt named John, like his father before him, has been seeking out labor leaders—but for another party. Recently John R. conferred with Liberal Party people seeking their support for Nelson Rockefeller's drive for the governorship on the Republican ticket. John Roosevelt may not have his father's touch, but he's being assured of one thing. If Rockfeller does get the GOP nomination, the Liberal-labor people will run the quietest campaign they've ever put on the road against a Republican.

Between now and the Convention, the delegates to the Republican Convention may want to know just where Rockefeller *does* stand politically. They may even want to discover the nature of that brand of politics which Liberal journalists are hailing as "Rockefeller Republicanism."

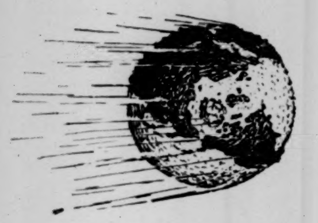
It appears that Nelson Rockefeller has always been a Republican. Indeed, when the *New York Post* asked him "why he was a Republican"—when he had served under two Democratic Presidents and was regarded by many as "a distinct New Deal type," he replied that he was a Republican because he was "born Republican" and that he thinks the Republicans "have more competence organizationally and administratively." In the same interview he said, "I think President Roosevelt deserves great credit for bringing about a social evolution of great social significance."

Mike Wallace has tried to get Rockefeller to define "Rockefeller Republicanism," with this result:

> Q. Mr. Rockefeller, you are a Republican. You may be running for Governor in New York State this year. Wouldn't you say that the Rockefeller Reports—particularly the ones on our domestic economy and foreign policy—are extremely 'liberal' from the Republican point of view?
>
> A. In what sense?
>
> Q. Well, you advocate more and more government economic action—both at home in public works programs and abroad in foreign aid programs. Now, isn't this at sharp variance with the traditions of the Republican Party?
>
> A. The way you put it, the answer would be yes. But as we see it and as we put it, I would say the answer is no.

And so on. Nowhere does Rockefeller speak up for Republican principles of the free, non-statist society. His position seems to be that Republicans can do a superior job of implementing a Democratic philosophy of government. This, it appears, is what he and Harriman are scheduled to argue about in the fall. The question is whether anybody much will listen.

(Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, 100 for $10.00. Address Department R, NATIONAL REVIEW, *211 East 37th St., New York 16, N.Y.)*



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

The Road from Damascus

The June issue of the *Ukrainian Quarterly* prints a brief but brilliant article on "The Middle East and the Cold War" by Vano J. Nanwashvili, an exile from Soviet Georgia now living in Boston. He sketches the historical and geographic structure within which current Mideastern events can be comprehended.

"Any analysis of each successive blow of the cold war made in the framework of local conditions and local goals leads inevitably to fatal mistakes," Mr. Nanwashvili declares. But the Western leaders restrict themselves to such local analysis, which becomes the premise of actions (when they act at all) that by their nature can have at best no more than a local, passing success.

The Western explanation of the Mideast crisis centers around the two local concepts: "oil" and "Arab nationalism." Western diplomacy, propaganda—and now some Western armed force—try, by isolated actions in each small nation, to keep the oil flowing and to placate the nationalism. But the oil and the nationalism are alike secondary phenomena.

"Within the first effects of the cold war action in the Middle East," writes Mr. Nanwashvili, "the entire press of the West started to write about 'oil fields,' 'oil pipelines,' and the 'Suez Canal' as the 'jugular vein' of Western Europe, etc. One of the most authoritative political magazines of the United States, in answering the question why Russia directed her general blow on Syria, dealt only with the internal conditions of Syria.

"Of course, the economic elements of the Middle East situation are very important, but Russia today has no time to wait for economic repercussions. The development of political events has gone very far. . . . *Today we are witnessing a direct fight for the fate of the entire Eastern Hemisphere. In this general situation, the question of what Syria itself wants, of what Egypt's goal is, or what that of the entire Arab world is, is not important. What is important is the question of what Russia wants and what she is going to do.*"

Down the Caucasian Funnel

What Communist Russia wants in any given phase is decided by strategic application of her fixed goal of world rule. She is now pushing down the Caucasian funnel between the Caspian and Black Seas into the Middle East, as the barbarians of the Eurasian steppes have done periodically from long before recorded history, as the Czars tried to do for nearly a century. This time she is also pushing out by water through the Dardanelles, and has already placed a fleet—under Syrian, Egyptian, Albanian as well as Soviet flags—in the eastern Mediterranean, with control of the southeast exit (Suez) and bases at Saseno (Albania), Latakia (Syria) and Alexandria (Egypt).

Geographically this southern thrust is identical in its first stage with what the Czarist armies attempted in World War I—before a drop of Mideast oil had been discovered. Mr. Nanwashvili reminds us that conflict between Germany and Russia began over the Middle East: when in the late nineteenth century Germany adopted the Berlin-Baghdad orientation. In World War I, Russia quickly overran northern Persia (Iran). The Czarist armies were poised at the eastern boundaries of what is now Syria, waiting to drive through to the Mediterranean coast as soon as the British, coming up from the Persian gulf and through Palestine, should have sufficiently softened the Turks. They would thus have broken out of Russia's land-locked strait jacket to warm water, and would have opened an easy passage from the south to Central Europe. In 1917, however, the plan collapsed as the Czarist armies disintegrated in the maelstrom of the Revolution.

Russia's strategy today takes off from this 1917 strategy—which was based on permanent geographical factors—but goes beyond 1917's essentially European scale: "The Middle East, where the current pitched battle of the cold war is taking place, is of itself not the goal it was in World War I. Today the Middle East serves only as a temporary medium. The current battle is being fought for the Eastern Hemisphere." Specifically, the objective of the present Russian thrust through the Middle East is *the western bulge of Africa,* the presumptive staging ground for the forces of the free world in a general war. "This is the prime purpose of all the political agitation in the world today."

Moscow, Syria, Egypt

Viewed in relation to Russian strategy, the key position of Syria—already the primary Russian base in the region—is at once apparent. Through Syria lies Russia's shortest route to the sea. The Soviet rail system already extends down Transcaucasia to Lake Urmia in northern Persia. The connection to Syria, across a short stretch of Kurdistan (long ago heavily infiltrated), is relatively easy. Thus Syria can provide—already to a certain degree provides—a salient and bridgehead of the kind Russia always seeks: in direct land communication with the central base.

From the Russian perspective it is Egypt that is subordinate to Syria. Nasser is merely one more of the neighboring local nationalist leaders who by seeking Russian protection against an enemy have fated their countries to be sucked into the Russian imperial system: a twentieth-century Bohdan Khmelnitsky, who in the sixteenth century, after a career as a spectacular, Nasser-like national champion, found in his old age that by the Pereyaslav Treaty with Russia he had saved Ukraine from the Poles by enslaving it to the Czars.

Let us add as postscript that in the context of this world strategy, the present Anglo-American action in Lebanon and Jordan—if held within the empty and picayune limits so far proclaimed—is the merest pinprick.

Charlottesville Faces Integration

As the beginning of the school year approaches, Charlottesville Negroes prepare for integration, the whites for "massive resistance." Upon the outcome may depend Virginia's future policy

RICHARD WHALEN

Charlottesville's days are numbered; each brings the community closer to the inevitable consequences of Virginia's "massive resistance" policy—the closing of white schools to thwart court-ordered desegregation. Use of the ultimate weapon in the state's arsenal may level the structure of public education and force hundreds, possibly thousands of children of both races into makeshift classrooms.

The trading center for much of Piedmont Virginia, Charlottesville nestles in the foothills of the Blue Ridge. It is the home of the University of Virginia, conceived by the many-talented, urbane Squire of Monticello, who watched through a spyglass as his dream took shape in the village below his hilltop plantation.

Charlottesville's schools are scheduled to open September 2, and Federal Judge John Paul has ordered that desegregation begin then. All devices of delay and appeal are spent. State law decrees that any school in which white and Negro children are enrolled must close. Following closure, it passes into the hands of Governor J. Lindsay Almond Jr., who may attempt to reorganize it on a segregated basis or keep it closed and reassign pupils to other schools. A third, unlikely, option permits him to return the school to local authorities, who may attempt to operate it without state funds. Thus, partial or total abandonment of public education looms before this city of 30,000 people.

What is the community's reaction?

It is difficult to assess, for, unlike surrounding agricultural counties which are pro-segregation almost to a man, Charlottesville harbors a tightly knit, articulate pro-integration force. Segregation, for most of the population, is a custom; it may not be a cause, worthy of sacrifice and inconvenience. A contest of resolute extremes appears likely.

State Senator E. O. McCue Jr. has won thumping majorities with his extreme, hell-for-leather championship of segregation. He is a blunt, forceful man.

"Charlottesville will be closed up tight if they try to integrate here. We'll close the schools and set up private ones. That's the way to beat 'em. When the Negroes close the white schools here, you can be sure *all* the schools will be closed. There won't be any other salaries paid."

McCue concedes that it may take as long as twenty-five years to establish a smoothly functioning, wholly adequate private school system. But he insists private schools will be "much better, with more discipline, more emphasis on basic education, less on the Dewey stuff."

McCue believes the race problem is moving north and says that Negroes (roughly one-fifth of Charlottesville's population) are leaving steadily.

"We tell 'em Heaven's up north, so go on along," he laughs.

What will become of the Negroes if public education is abolished?

"Even if the Negroes don't get an education," the lanky Senator says with a tight-lipped grin, "they can still cut cordwood or work on farms. They'll do all right. . . . Trouble? Maybe. Basically, we're a pretty tough bunch of Anglo-Saxons around here."

Interracial Workshop

Outside the Senator's office, the sun is hot. Battered pickup trucks move sluggishly along Main Street and sunburnt men in khaki workclothes lounge in the shade of store awnings. Pretty girls chatter by in Bermuda shorts. Matrons in cool frocks climb into low-swept automobiles, bound for the wealthy suburbs of Albemarle County.

Mount Zion Baptist Church squats between two garages at Ridge and Main Streets. Waiting at the door is Mrs. Sarah Patton Boyle, 52-year-old free-lance writer and wife of a University professor, who has scandalized one-time friends and lifelong neighbors with her pro-integration lectures and magazine articles.

Mrs. Boyle explains that she is "helping out" at an interracial workshop in progress inside the stuffy church. About 200 Negro adults and children are seated in the pews, listening intently to a young, white Catholic priest, Father Warren Kullberg of St. Margaret Mary's Parish. The priest, Mrs. Boyle and a white counselor from the New York office of the NAACP are the only members of their race present. Standing at the rear of the church, looking over the crowded pews, Mrs. Boyle says:

"Those Negro children have such great faith in the decency of people, a beautiful faith. It hurts my conscience."

Is her lonely stand the result of an aching conscience?

"I'm a member of the white South," the small, pink-cheeked woman says firmly, "and for many years, the white South has done a very bad thing. It's my right and duty to do my part to atone for it."

Has she any children who may be attending school with Negroes in September? She shakes her head.

"No. I wish I had a child involved in this." She explains that her 15-year-old son attends segregated Albemarle County High School. The Boyles live in Albemarle.

Why haven't other white citizens accepted the Negroes' invitation to the workshop?

Many of the "extreme liberals,"

Mrs. Boyle says, feel their influence would be impaired if they associated with the NAACP publicly. Others "aren't willing to make the sacrifice of facing people on the other side."

There is an urgency to Mrs. Boyle's sympathy with the Negroes. "They want recognition as full-fledged citizens. They're bulwarked by spiritual certainty that they're right, and the suspicion of error on the part of white people is an enormous advantage."

How does she feel about miscegenation, the heart of the matter for most segregationists?

"We've built up an artificial premium on being white," she declares. "When the Negroes enjoy equal rights, then they won't want to cross over. There's more desire for miscegenation now, because of the Negroes' handicapped position."

A heavy-set, bespectacled Negro steps forward and shakes Mrs. Boyle's hand. He is George R. Ferguson, an undertaker and president of the local NAACP chapter. He smiles warily as he says the workshop is the first of its kind ever held in a community anticipating desegregation. Negroes are making no plans for private schools, he says, because they are confident "the law will be obeyed." As the showdown approaches, the desire for integrated education "is stronger than ever before."

Near the front of the church Miss June Shagaloff, a white member of the NAACP's legal defense staff, explains to some twenty parents what to expect and what is expected of them in September. "If white and Negro children go to school together," she says, "it will mean the beginning of new communication as equals."

On a pew next to her, stacks of comic books await distribution. One tells the story of the successful bus boycott staged by the Negroes of Montgomery, Alabama; another, bearing the stamp of the Richmond office of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, offers an eight-page version of Eva Knox Evans' book on anthropology, *All About Us.*

Some of the children have gone to the basement, where they sing to the accompaniment of a tinny piano:

> You can get good milk from a brown-
> skinned cow;
> The color of the skin doesn't matter
> nohow. . . .

A light-skinned mother asks Miss Shagaloff: "Will the politicians in Virginia really let integration happen?" The counselor smiles professionally and replies:

"Deep down, some of the politicians in Virginia know it's simply a question of time. And in Charlottesville, if the schools are closed to Negro children, we know there are a number of white parents who won't want to see the schools closed for their children too.

"We should expect desegregation to go smoothly. We're not interested in social relationships, we don't want to move in on the white people. What we're concerned with are educational advantages, courses in science and foreign languages, which colored children don't have now."

On the other side of the middle aisle, an elderly Negro woman leans on a pew and cuts feeble gaps in the hot, still air with a small paper fan as she conducts what appears to be a catechism lesson.

"What must we be, children?"

Thirty voices pipe: "We must be creative, firm, humble, forthright, calm, forgiving and friendly." Some of the voices falter and trail off.

"Now, how shall we be creative?" the woman with the fan asks sharply.

"We must do our own work," answers a tall girl in the first row.

"How shall we be firm?"

"If we're right, we must stick to the point," says another girl.

Some of the boys seem to be drowsing in the ovenlike heat. The children in the basement are singing again:

> What makes a good American?
> What do I have to do?
> Am I a good American?
> And, by the way . . . are you?

Private Schools Planned

E. J. Oglesby is curious about the workshop. "Were there any white kids there? No? Good."

A stocky, middle-aged man, in khaki pants and shirt, Oglesby is a professor of mathematics at the University and President of the Albemarle County Chapter of the Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Liberties. Seated in the back room of the Redland Club, a haunt of local lawyers and politicians, he crosses his legs and lights his pipe.

"The people of Charlottesville will be perfectly satisfied to see the schools close. They wouldn't stand for having them operated on an integrated basis."

What will take their place?

"Private schools, of course. Right down the street there are three churches, with big Sunday School rooms, that could take care of 1,200-1,300 kids. And you could get the loan of many, many private homes. Why, just the other day a man offered me the free use of a building that would house about fifty kids."

Could these makeshift schools be accredited? "I don't think it matters a continental whether a school is accredited. If a kid can pass the College Board Examinations, that's the important thing." Oglesby believes the State Board of Education could give equivalency exams which would qualify graduates of private schools for college entrance tests.

"Some of the northern schools might not take our kids," he chuckles, "but that wouldn't be a tragedy. There are plenty of good schools in the South that would be glad to have them."

Oglesby recalls his own education, "amounting to just forty-eight months of schooling" prior to college. He was graduated from Emory and Henry in 1911, taught for a time in Georgia and finally moved north. He was chairman of the Mathematics Department at New York University's downtown division for twelve years.

"No, there won't be any violence," he says slowly. "We're all going to be law-abiding citizens of the Commonwealth of Virginia." Nevertheless, he adds, people "are more stirred up than they were a year ago.

"I'm so glad they went into Little Rock. It stiffened a lot of backbones around here."

He reports that several white parents are making plans for private schools. He makes a telephone call and arranges a meeting with them.

Neighbors Meet

The large, two-story white house is set far back from the road and gravel crunches underfoot. A black French poodle barks excitedly as the porch light flicks on. A honey-haired woman steps into the light and hushes the dog. Inside the tastefully furnished living room, her husband and four neighbors are talking. They are the nucleus of an effort to replace Venable Elementary School with private, neighborhood schools. State law provides for tuition grants to children attending such schools, but their parents must set up the facilities.

With an eye on the calendar, these parents are chartering a non-profit, educational corporation, which will undertake the formidable task of educating some 650 pupils now enrolled at Venable. They are confident that teachers, now coming forward singly, will join them unanimously; that housewives with teaching experience will trade aprons for alphabet charts; that volunteer clerks will handle administrative details; that textbooks will be bought, borrowed and swapped, with the Public Library filling the gaps. Finally, they believe equally resolute parents will open their homes and their pocketbooks.

The Charlottesville Educational Foundation, they readily admit, exists largely on paper. Parents representing four of the city's six white schools have met and tentatively laid plans. But much remains to be done. In addition to Venable School, McGuffey and Johnson Elementary Schools, with a combined enrollment of some 900 pupils, also face closure. And Lane High School—the only white public secondary school—may bar its doors to another 1,000 students if Negroes are enrolled. Eleven have already applied.

A stout, white-haired woman, silent during most of the conversation, suddenly remarks: "You know what helped bring on all this? The University and those intellectuals." Nods are exchanged around the living room.

Distinguished Dissenter

The University is one of three achievements for which Jefferson wished to be remembered. His 133-year-old monument has aged gracefully. Weathered brick and white clapboard shelter traditions that have shaped generations of gentlemen. But the institution keeps faith with its red-haired, radical founder and practices the art of dissent.

Perhaps the most distinguished dissenter in residence is former Governor Colgate W. Darden Jr., President of the University for the last decade. Darden is widely regarded as a spokesman for the many Virginians who embrace neither the Supreme Court decision nor the policy of "massive resistance." More than a year ago he said "massive resistance" was doomed to failure and urged a return to the local option proposal of the Gray Commission. This approach, he said, would enable Virginia to observe the letter, if not the spirit, of the desegregation edict. But the Byrd Organization, steadfast against even token integration, turned a deaf ear.

Ruddy-complexioned and white at the temples, Darden is every inch the Virginia gentleman. His opinions reflect a keen, conservative mind, which searches for the reasonable solution.

"I'm out of sympathy with the Supreme Court decision," Darden says, "because it's so utterly lacking in wisdom. But 'massive resistance' is the wrong way to meet it."

He describes the brick-wall policy of the Byrd Organization as "fearfully unwise" because "it plays into the hands of those who are bent on our destruction." A divided America, torn with racial strife, is precisely what the Soviets want, he continues. His interest in international affairs has won him several Presidential appointments; last year he made a globe-girdling junket with the Commission studying foreign aid. But his first thoughts are of his beloved Virginia.

As September approaches, "under present state law, the parents' only recourse is to establish makeshift schools. The absence of large buildings is not important, but the number of children involved would have a direct bearing on the quality of the education they receive. Would there be enough good teachers to meet the need? I doubt it."

"Massive Resistance"

Charlottesville will be the first community to weigh its fears of race-mixing against the reality of closed schools. Its response to the demands of "massive resistance" may foreshadow Virginia's future race policy. Widespread confusion and inconvenience, caused by inadequate planning for private schools, could sway many parents unwilling to make heavy sacrifice to hold back an apparent trickle of integration.

The Byrd Organization, like any political machine, is composed of men who watch the main chance. It has been said to have adopted "massive resistance" because that was deemed psychologically and politically necessary. Sensing with customary accuracy the mood of grass-roots Virginia, the Organization erected a legal frame around the spontaneous urge of most Virginians to reject flatly a Court decision based on a repugnant social philosophy. By advancing a multitude of "plans," the Organization raised the people's hopes that the decision might be negated if the Old Dominion stood fast. Of course, the Organization strongly suggested—and the voters agreed—it would be best to stand fast with the same leaders.

It is extremely unlikely that the canny, practical men who built "massive resistance" shared the people's hope that the Court would reverse its field in the face of brick-wall opposition. Soon, perhaps, the people of Virginia, with public education lying in ruins around them, may come to grips with the hard truth long recognized by their leaders—that "massive resistance" has, at best, bought time for Virginia and made it more likely that integration, when and if it comes, will be rigidly restricted.

Yet "massive resistance" is a faithful indicator of passionately held convictions about race and state sovereignty. It will not be forsaken lightly by a proud, fighting people, whom Faulkner has affectionately described as "snobs" because of their reverence for their rich heritage and their pride of lineage. Retreat will gall such a people.

But if the line wavers at Charlottesville and cracks at Arlington and Norfolk—next in order of integration—the Organization may respond by leading a withdrawal to the redoubt of local option, which North Carolina has thus far successfully defended. If the moment for retreat comes, the politicians will surely sense it and use it to advantage, for they are well-versed in the history of the South and know that the gallant but outgunned generals of the Confederacy lost a war even as they held the loyalty of their followers.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Rights and "Rights"

One of the most unpleasant aspects of the political scene in these Liberal decades is the mixture of whine and threat with which politicians, social workers, trade-union leaders, and leaders of so-called minorities insistently demand that the state decree and enforce special privileges for all and sundry. Worse, the privileges demanded—material security from the cradle to the grave, equal economic treatment despite differences of ability, equal education irrespective of ability and at the taxpayers' expense—are dubbed "rights." Thus a concept vital to the existence of a free society, the concept of the unalienable rights of men to life, liberty and property, is brought into disrepute.

The true rights of men are not claims to material and social privilege; they are rights in their persons, rights to live uncoerced by other men or groups of men, rights derived from the nature of men and from the moral law. What such rights mean in detail has been spelled out in the Constitution of the United States and in the principles of the common law; and understanding and respect for them has been fundamental to the political structure of our Federal Republic in its best days.

Nevertheless, so repellent has the contemporary clamor which dresses out a garb for special privilege in the language of "rights" become, that some conservatives, throwing out the baby with the bath water, would deny the very existence of rights independently and unalienably adhering to the individual human person. Substituting the concept that the rights of the individual person *vis-à-vis* society and the state are conditional to and dependent upon the person's performance of his duties to society and the state, they proclaim the doctrine: no rights without corresponding duties.

Now, granted that the duties that impinge upon human beings derive from the same moral law from which their rights derive, nevertheless duties and rights do not depend directly upon one another. The individual person lives in a social milieu constituted of other persons and of the groupings of persons which make up social and political institutions. However much awe and reverence may become associated with these institutions, they cannot *as such* have any moral claims upon him. Only insofar as they represent the moral rights of other persons, that is, only secondarily, does he have duties to them. The Great Commandment, which is the cornerstone of the structure of Western moral thought, reflects this hierarchy of values, ignoring utterly everything but God and individual persons: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

"Society," which is simply an abstraction meaning the sum total of all the relations between persons, cannot be a primary source of obligation in moral and political thought. To insist that it is, is either actually to believe that society is a living organism endowed with a soul and constituting a third term that should be added to the Great Commandment; or it is to talk nonsense. Only if one is willing to take the former position, is it possible logically to defend as an axiom of political theory the proposition: no rights without corresponding duties.

This doctrine depends upon the belief that society is a being, almost a person, who in reciprocal relationship with individual persons hands out rights as they fulfill their duties to it. In such a scheme of things, rights would obviously be dependent upon duties performed; but they would not be rights, they would be rewards for good behavior.

The rights of human beings, however, are not the gift of some Leviathan; they are inherently derived from the nature of men. The duties of human beings are not tribute owed to Leviathan; they are moral imperatives grounded in objective value. Each is independent of the other; it is not a matter of *quid pro quo*.

Rights are moral claims which every individual person has upon other persons, and upon all associations of other persons, including in particular the state; and they remain valid whether he is a good man or an evil man, whether he performs his duties or fails to perform them. Duties are obligations morally binding on each person, whatever his situation, whether other men, groups of men or the state respect his rights or trample upon them. No man can give as an excuse for failure to carry out a duty that others have failed to respect his rights. No man, no group of men, no state, can give as an excuse for depriving an individual person of his inherent rights, that he has failed to perform a duty.

Duties and rights both derive from the same source, the moral ground of man's nature. But if they are made directly dependent one upon the other, they cease to be rights or duties. Losing their moral autonomy, rights become rewards dispensed to the individual by society or the state, and duties become obediences extorted by power.

The *form* that the duties incumbent upon any individual person will take will depend, first, upon the position in life and the endowments of the person concerned, and secondly upon social circumstances; but the essential content of his duties—to obey the moral law—remains the same, whatever his position and capability, whatever the customs of society or the laws of the state. Similarly, the forms in which a man's rights are expressed may vary with time and place and custom, but the content remains the same—the right to live uncoerced by force in possession of life, liberty and property.

These rights are as essential to a free society as is the performance of moral duties. Conservatives, however appalled by the prostitution of the noble concept of human rights to materialist ends, cannot deny the independent status of rights without destroying their defenses against the great enemy of our time, the Leviathan state.

Sabotage—Political and Fiscal

DEAN LIPTON

The Conservative Debacle

Three factors were mainly responsible for what amounted to a conservative debacle in the California primaries.

1. Senator Knowland was deliberately knifed by his own party. The party machinery was in the hands of his bitter enemy, Goodwin J. Knight, who used it with disastrous results against him. As a result, Knowland's campaign was poorly financed. Knight cozied up to organized labor, which came as no surprise to anyone. It did help, however, to explode the myth of labor's political supremacy. Knight received labor's endorsement for the Republican nomination for U.S. Senator, yet his opponent, Mayor George Christopher of San Francisco, who valiantly stood by Knowland, carried San Francisco on the Republican ticket, although the city is supposedly the stronghold of organized labor in the state. Knight won the nomination because of the heavily-populated areas of southern California. In those areas his supporters—Knight claims without his consent—conducted a vicious whispering campaign against Christopher, based largely on his Greek ancestry.

2. Only one of the four daily newspapers in San Francisco supported Knowland. This was the "modern" Republican *Chronicle*, which endorsed him in a lukewarm editorial, concentrating solely on his well-known honor and integrity, which not even the Liberals dispute. The two Hearst papers refrained from endorsing any candidate for Governor, but Clint Mosher, political editor of the leading Hearst paper, the *Examiner*, engaged in a constant campaign of innuendo against Knowland. The *News*, a Scripps-Howard paper, vigorously supported Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown. In Los Angeles, Chandler's *Times* supported Knowland. The Hearst papers stayed on the sidelines.

3. Knowland was badly served by his campaign managers and press agents. While he was forced to stay in Washington, they conducted his affairs as if they were featherbedding employees of a second-rate corporation. In San Francisco, his publicity was handled by a man named Wilkin, who has successfully handled such accounts as the "Ice Follies" and should stick to them in the future. He fought this campaign on such a "high" level that Knowland's name never got into the newspapers except when he himself made news.

By contrast, Brown retained one of the top political publicists, Pat Frayne, former Hearst newspaperman. He conducted a vigorous, no-holds-barred campaign and it shows in the votes that he pulled in for Brown.

Labor's Retaliation

California voters will not only have the opportunity to decide the right-to-work issue in November. A second issue has made the ballot: a tax proposal—initially billed as organized labor's answer to the supporters of right-to-work—which if passed would freeze an unsound system of taxation into the state constitution.

Briefly, this measure would cut sales taxes from 3 per cent to two, and eliminate state taxes on incomes of single persons earning less than $8,000 a year and married couples earning less than $15,500. In an effort to make up part of the lost revenue, taxes on incomes above these amounts would be drastically increased up to a whopping 46 per cent on incomes of more than $50 thousand. A joker provides that the state legislature will not have the power to change these rates.

Usually labor has been able to talk some liberal economist or sociologist into spearheading a drive for this kind of law. This time, however, the best it could do was to dig up two women, Mrs. Ann Dipple and Mrs. Hazel Davis, who are noted around San Francisco primarily as civic busybodies. The labor leaders insisted that they had nothing to do with organizing or financing the drive to get the proposal on the ballot. If this is so, it remains a mystery where these two comparative unknowns were able to get the money for their costly campaign. They hired Joe Robinson, top professional petition circulator in the state, who piled in the signatures so quickly that the measure's opponents didn't even have time to organize any adequate opposition.

At the very beginning, two or three labor leaders opposed the tax measure on almost the same grounds as the conservatives. But they were soon silenced. George John, Secretary of the San Francisco Labor Council, speaking of labor's strategy against right-to-work, told the voters with typical arrogance that the tax revision plan "is just one of the things we have in mind."

While labor maintains a solid front on the tax proposal, business interests are badly divided on right-to-work. In San Francisco, some of the most vocal opponents of right-to-work are big businessmen—like Benjamin Swig, owner of the Fairmont Hotel—who seem unable to learn that labor is congenitally incapable of *not* biting the hand that feeds it.

It doesn't take an economist to figure out what the bill would do to the state's finances. It has been estimated that school revenue, largely derived from the sales tax, would be reduced by $200 million. Cities and municipalities receive a *pro rata* share of the sales tax. San Francisco's loss alone would be far above $15 million. Nor could this possibly be made up by increased taxes on the higher incomes.

Senator Knowland took time out from his own campaign to attack the tax bill. Brown, on the other hand, spent the first crucial weeks, while Robinson was piling in the signed petitions, equivocating and protesting that he didn't understand its implications. Finally, after repeated warnings that no governor could hope to administer the state with this legislation written inflexibly into its constitution, Brown also came out against it, but with a statement watered down in an obvious effort to appease his labor backers.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Community-College Boondoggle

There are a half-dozen *good* junior colleges in the country, I think: no more. But the number of junior colleges is increasing rapidly. Nowadays it is fashionable to call them community colleges. At one time, their purpose was to give students the first two years of college on a humane scale, usually close to their homes, at modest cost; then, presumably, the students would proceed to "senior" colleges to obtain their degrees. Some people entertained high hopes of this movement, and Mr. Robert M. Hutchins, nearly two decades ago, proposed that the number of such junior colleges be immensely increased, to drain off from the good universities and senior colleges a mob of prospective students unqualified for advanced studies.

Yet somehow the movement did not catch on until quite recently. Most of the junior colleges have been situated near a high school in some large town or city, and sometimes established in the high-school building itself. The college-campus atmosphere was lacking, and the college prestige. No one enrolled who could enroll elsewhere. Here in Michigan, several of the long-established junior colleges have expanded their enrollments only slightly since their foundation, despite the "rising tide of enrollments" in the country at large. One of them, Owosso Junior College, closed its doors two years ago for lack of students.

During the past several years, nevertheless, the educationists in several states have been eager for the establishment of more "community colleges," to "serve the community" chiefly through vocational arts, business courses, and instruction in social adjustment. In Michigan, the legislature has authorized cities and counties to set up such institutions, if they choose, raising the money through sale of bonds. It would be possible to establish a really good community college, with a decent curriculum of arts and sciences. But that, apparently, is not what the educationists, or the community-college boosters locally, or the prospective students desire. Thinking always is hard work. Basketweaving, ballroom dancing, and courses in salesmanship are not hard work. And it is so pleasant to spend other people's money on such activities!

Recently a friend of mine visited Flint Community College. The corridors were full of students, in couples—the sort of students interested principally in the matrimonial-bureau aspect of college life. Some of these had settled down in the library, too, amid a few students who actually, and perversely, desired to read books. Presently there strode into the library-room a young fellow in a leather jacket, swaggering and humming. Through the open door came a tremendous babble from the loiterers in the corridor. A few bookworms ventured to frown in displeasure. "Don't blame me!" roared the scholar in the leather jacket. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the mob in the corridor, and swaggered on past the tables.

Flint Community College recently discharged two members of its faculty. They did not have the good fortune to be Communists, so it was no go their trying to raise the question of academic freedom. Their offense was that they were not "integrated with the social life of the college." They had all the academic qualifications—one of them had two doctoral degrees—but they had failed to show up at the athletic events, and they had displayed a lack of enthusiasm when expected to attend interminable faculty conferences. They were interested in teaching and scholarship, poor old fogies; so, naturally, they had to go.

For the administrators of community colleges usually are glorified high-school superintendents, faithful to all articles in the creed of Holy Educationism, and rewarded according to their deserts. The students and the faculty are in the community college to Adjust to Life, confound them! And if they don't like it, they know where they can go. Need I add that these very administrators often profess their distress at McCarthyism and our dreadful pressures toward conformity?

Any society can expend only a certain proportion of its income on formal instruction. We in America pay a larger proportion of our national income toward formal schooling than have any other people in history—and get little enough for it. It is quite true that in some respects we still spend too little. Real professors at real universities and colleges often are underpaid. Many of the private colleges are painfully short of operating-cash, let alone endowments. Many college libraries are inadequate. There is little money for sabbatical years, or theme-readers to assist leisureless professors, or certain types of unpopular research and study.

But there also is tremendous waste: waste of money that is painfully needed for truly educational undertakings. Some of this is wasted in attracting to college students who haven't the faintest interest in the works of the mind; some in pseudo-vocational and "social adjustment" curricula in famous universities; and some in elaborate "plant." But I can think of no more conspicuous waste than the budget of the average community college, which has only three genuine purposes: 1) to do what the local high school ought to have done already; 2) to provide a sham-curriculum and a sham-degree for persons unable to obtain admittance to any genuine college, even in this time of degenerated entrance-standards; 3) to provide public amusements out of public funds nominally raised for education.

If in your area there is a strong movement toward establishing a community college, it may be well to ask one simple question: If there is a pressing demand for higher education locally, why is it that no private association or church-group has contemplated establishing a real college? Sometimes there is an answer to this question; but rarely.

»BOOKS·ARTS·MANNERS«

If You Differ, You're a "Deviant"

THOMAS MOLNAR

According to Ruth Benedict, Margaret Mead and their school of thought, every society, no matter what its level of evolution or civilization, possesses adequate standards of morality and a corresponding set of expressions, attitudes and symbols. If this were true, no criticisms could ever be offered except in terms of the universe of discourse of a given society; for this doctrine sanctions: 1) inter-cultural *relativism* and 2) domestic *conformity*. As society (or, as it is called today, the "pattern of culture") is the supreme reality, collaboration with it is compulsory, for in the name of what value can one oppose it? The nonconforming person is simply considered as the exponent of a different cultural pattern and stamped "deviant." To claim that he may be *right* (or *wrong*) is meaningless, for he can be right (or wrong) only according to the value-system of another *pattern*.

Now despite assurances by Professor Kluckhohn that anthropologists and sociologists are changing their minds about the pattern-of-culture doctrine, it seems that the up-to-date social scientist thinks more of refurnishing his vocabulary than his conceptual storeroom. In front of me is the latest book of Professor Robert C. Angell, *Free Society and Moral Crisis* (University of Michigan, $6.00), with a generous preface by Reinhold Niebuhr. Are the latter's laudatory words due to the term "moral" in the title and throughout the book? This term has not been very popular among social scientists and social engineers, and Mr. Angell, an ex-director of UNESCO's social science department, admits that he is almost alone in considering "moral integration an important aspect of social order." But he crushes our hopes when he hastens to add that he intends to remain objective, and will consider the *quality* of the moral web irrelevant.

In the course of his quest for social and moral integration, Mr. Angell asks if the freedom of the free society must be bought at the price of conflict and chaos. Are religious and racial tensions, juvenile crimes, disintegrating families inevitable phenomena, or could the multi-colored threads of pluralistic societies be pulled together into the knot of a unifying world view? Since the author again and again stresses the necessity of a well-functioning moral web which efficiently controls behavior, but is elastic enough to adjust to societal changes, we must ask what exactly he means by moral web, moral integration, the "dominant moral forces of society."

The answer is provided, implicitly and explicitly, on almost every page. By *moral* the author means *socialized;* by moral integration he means social adjustment. One test of the correctness of this interpretation is that, although a long chapter deals with deviant groups, we never find out when a deviant group—or a deviant individual—is good or bad. How does one tell a saint from a delinquent, a gang from the twelve apostles, when both disrupt the social fabric and neither behaves according to "the common values of their culture"?

To be sure, if they—and every member of society—behaved according to these common values, the transmission of norms and institutions would be guaranteed, as the author demands of his ideal community; but ought we not have some way of telling *which* norms and institutions are worth saving and transmitting? I persist, for example, in my belief that the Aztec institution of pre-Cortes Mexico, with its hecatombs of human sacrifice, was not based on a value to be accepted and transmitted. Moreover, we should keep in mind that very often the revolt of the nonconforming "deviant," sparked by a clearer notion of the norm than the prevailing interpretation, helps maintain or restore the true spirit of an institution.

Fear of social conflict and an insistence on solving all problems of society run through Professor Angell's book as dominant themes. Against him one could oppose Denis de Rougemont, with his recent suggestion that Western man, far from being stifled by critical situations, has found an inexhaustible source of energy in his tensions and conflicts. This idea, however, would transcend the scope of social engineering.

Contemporary social science in general, and Mr. Angell's present contribution in particular, are extremely timid and unimaginative approaches to the problems of individual life and social coexistence. For what is Mr. Angell's answer to social chaos and disintegration? What are his weapons in fighting the monster he paints so darkly, and against which he is committed to defend the Free Society?

It is here that his identification of the moral web with socialized attitudes pays its doubtful dividends: while it is with fear and trembling that the best thinkers of our age confront the immense problem of the decomposition of society's moral fiber, the weakening sense of personal responsibility, the degradation of culture; while hidden and not-so-hidden manipulators make use of every noble aspiration to distort it into an instrument of demagogy, Mr. Angell, for whom moral crisis equals deviant behavior, announces that social stability can be promoted through public discussions in high schools, television panels and arbitration; and that juvenile delinquency can be eradicated through such programs as the Boy Scouts and the YMCA, by group-therapy, and by work for wages in reformatories and prisons. One is reminded of the New York subway ads: "Give, so that we may make *teams* out of *gangs*."

For one who holds that most of our troubles originate from the fact that the individual is not sufficiently let alone, that he is over-socialized, coerced, tested and recruited for trivial tasks and for collective do-goodism, Mr. Angell's proposals sound positively obscene.

A word or two now on Mr. Angell's manner of writing, a manner he shares with so many social scientists. One would expect an author who claims to understand our moral plight to probe man's soul, where moral choice is rooted; to recognize the individual's uniquely colored reaction to the community and its problems; to fathom the political animal's thirst for commitment and loyalty. But Mr. Angell's is not the humanist's approach; reading him, I had the uncomfortable feeling that he was not speaking of individuals, but of so many chips off the stone block of collectivity, having no component not found in the block itself. In other words, I rarely recognize, in the pages of this book, my experiences with my fellow men; and when I do, I wonder why these experiences should be transcribed in such smug sociological language that they receive thereby a strange, unreal flavor, more irritating than enlightening.

IT SHOULD BE inscribed to Mr. Angell's credit that he realizes, to some extent, the fantastic possibilities of manipulation by modern bureaucratic leadership and by the scientifically motivated social engineer. An example of what the busy searchers may find if they keep consulting *science* for a unified, global, world view, is displayed in Mr. Jerome Rothstein's *Communication, Organization and Science* (The Falcon's Wing, $3.50).

Mr. Rothstein seems to have come to visit us from the twenty-fifth century. In a little more than one hundred pages he informs the reader of the unlimited potentiality of cybernetics (and of man's mind, which is a natural computer) to bring about a unified world view (again!) by:

1. storing up information;
2. making machines "endowed with values, capable of playing games or seeking goals";
3. "cutting down the infinitude of possible philosophies to the smaller set of possibly valid ones" so as to "solve the problems that really matter";
4. creating a "world atmosphere" in which free experimentation with ideas (a contradiction to the demand expressed in No. 3), plus birth control and the outlawing of wars will save billions of man-hours for constructive activities, such as spreading the earth's civilization—if any remains—to other planets.

Mr. Angell, meet Mr. Rothstein! . .

Advertising in Perspective

FINIS FARR

NINETY YEARS ago, Mr. Otis Pease tells us, national advertising scarcely existed. The country store and the wholesaler dominated the market, while powerful merchants could control a manufacturer's entire output, even dictating price and design. Except for patent medicines, advertising was largely in retailers' hands, and up to the end of the century the most striking sales copy was usually that sponsored by the big department stores and the mail order firms.

But with the spread of communications, advertising, with copy prepared by experts and placed in national media, took over an influential position in the American market place. The subject offers many aspects for scholarly research, and the one selected by Mr. Pease, a history professor at Stanford, is indicated by the title of his careful study, *The Responsibilities of American Advertising* (Yale, $5.00). Mr. Pease does not question the economic value of advertising as a tool by which producers develop and maintain markets. What he is after, and he puts it down in well-documented detail, is the story of how American advertisers attempted to set up professional codes to guard against overselling, phony testimonials, misbranding, and other sharp practices. By 1941, he shows the leading spokesmen of the industry had outlawed all these deplorable tactics on a voluntary basis.

Governmental intervention is also part of the story, and Mr. Pease lists the passage of the Food and Drug Act of 1906 and the establishment of the Federal Trade Commission in 1914 as legislative milestones. In 1938, the Wheeler-Lea Amendment extended the authority of the Food and Drug Administration, and the FTC was clothed with further power. Also in the 1930's, a consumers' movement sprang up, sponsoring many independent tests of advertising claims.

Through it all, a number of the top advertising men were yearning for professional status, like that of realtors and funeral directors, and Mr. Pease quotes some of their oratory with devastating effect. It is too bad that he didn't go further in describing the prominent advertising men of the twenties and thirties, for they were among the zestful personalities of the time. Some were great, fat rascals, sleek as cats and bold as burglars. One was Albert Lasker of Lord & Thomas who became a public oracle on the lines of Bernard Baruch. Others had a ministerial aspect, like Bruce Barton, who wrote a book showing that Christ was a businessman. All that Mr. Pease permits himself here is an occasional touch of irony; nevertheless, in a few pages he accurately recalls a quasi-religious boosterism which Sinclair Lewis, with his defective ear, could never quite get on paper.

But he is in no mood to entertain his readers with sketches of pompous charlatans, or indeed, of gifted and hard-working copy men. Nor does he allow any space in his excellently written book for appreciation of the sheer amusement the advertising industry provides—not by hiring TV comedians, but by constantly presenting the Cloud-Cuckoo-Land of advertising itself, with its perpetual satisfaction and joy. Mr. Pease will have none of this. In his view, American advertising has grown over the years into a formidable force which could "circumvent the process and operation of rational thought in a free society."

Moreover, while he does say that the advertising industry has developed a sense of public responsibility, it is no more than "modest," and he obviously thinks it will grow no larger. This is highly alarming— until we reflect that Mr. Pease is an intellectual, and like most of the members of his tong, has underestimated the ethics of American advertising, just as he has overestimated the general influence of what they like to call "Madison Avenue." (Most of the big agencies are on Lexington or Park.) The intellectuals customarily prove the fearsome power of "Madison Avenue" by pointing to the elections of Mr. Eisenhower. In reality this proves nothing: they forget who was running against him.

Theater

Threepenny Opera

GARRY WILLS

THE POWER of the first great slums of the modern world came from the fact that they were seen by artists who were still artists. Today the ideological painter follows the social theorist into rundown areas and illustrates his statistics. Picasso shows men turned into beasts by too little bread and too many bombs. But the first artists of the "social conscience" followed the reformers into the slums and discovered the strange and terrifying fact that men remain men under the most brutalizing pressures.

One of the most interesting products of the London street scene, Kurt Weill's *The Threepenny Opera*, has kept an off-Broadway theater crowded for three years. Weill wanted to be a modern artist and preach social themes. In America he was able to do this: his musical deftness never rising into a structure, his pathos never reaching the pattern of tragedy, he wrote viable musicals on the Negro and the slums. But there was enough of the artist in him to respond to the magic of Berlin decadence in the twenties and to find this magic reflected in John Gay's picture of eighteenth-century London.

In *The Threepenny Opera*, he set *The Beggar's Opera* to music with such sympathy that Stravinsky learned from him how to treat *The Rake's Progress*. The monotonous singsong of Weill's characters is given perfect comment in the whisky wheezes and grunts of the brass, the hurdy-gurdy tinkle of the organ, the dissonant little dances of hell. The music says what the Dickens and Hogarth characters say; at moments it approaches the tortured message of Goya—that hell, and not the jungle, is the home of frustrated men.

Oddly enough, Weill did not realize what his instinctive sympathy with his sources had accomplished. His own words about the "opera" show that he believed its absurd moral. After Barbara sings that she can say no to the man with money, charm, or looks, but that she cannot say no to one no-good outcast, Weill steps forward and claims that economic need steers men blindly through life. Mack the Knife draws to himself good girls and bad with all the charm and dark heroism of a Byron. He commands a band of pickpockets with the same magic of leadership that Napoleon exerted. His mystic bonds of authority are not broken by "economic pressure," but by the equally mystic rage of rejected love. He falls as Samson did, by the power of a woman. But at intervals the lights go out, a character steps forward as a kind of Greek chorus and says "Even the best men turn to sinners, unless they've had their proper dinners."

Luckily, the audience is not as obtuse as the composer. As the mediocrity of his later work shows, Weill was not a great musician; he was not a master of the theater. He merely succumbed, without knowing it, to one of the greatest forces in modern art, a force which has been almost extinguished by now. That force is the protest against Social Protest which makes man less than man in order to clothe him and house him and silence him. It is the irrational depths in man crying out against the Grand Inquisitor's shallow ideas of progress and social planning. The pixies of *that* protest, charming and terrifying and funny, still dance to the strains of hell at the Theatre de Lys. But where else?

I THOUGHT I might find the answer to that question by going to another out-of-the-way nook in Manhattan to see the Theban Players—who have done revivals of Greek plays for several seasons now—present Euripides' *Electra*. Men have long sus-

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pected that the most modern of the ancients might play successfully to the more conservative moderns. And in *Electra* all the diabolic humor and tragedy, the tortured sex, the mocking of grander forms, which animate *The Threepenny Opera* were imported into Greek forms by Euripides. Brecht even used, in his "pardon from Queen Victoria," the cynical *deus ex machina* which Euripides invented as a satiric thrust (and which he uses in *Electra*). But Milton Miltiades, the director of the Thebans, takes Euripides at face valuelessness. He sees nothing satirical in the play, nothing either ancient or modern, no need to translate into modern theatrical terms (or modern English, for that matter). Despite some fine acting talent, the presentation was that of a college Greek class; the ancient rite, followed in an uninspired and literal way, became a funeral celebration. They came not to present Euripides but to bury him.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GOVERNOR AND THE REBEL, by Wilcomb E. Washburn (North Carolina Press, $5.00). History is not, sad to say, something that takes care of itself. There is a constant need for revisionist work if history is to remain *history* and not become propaganda. Therefore Mr. Washburn is to be commended for doing a careful yet readable job of revising the ordinary judgment of a most interesting item of American colonial history, Bacon's Rebellion. This famous 1676 uprising in Virginia has long been praised as a premature try for independence. But Mr. Washburn proves that no one thought of it that way until 1776 made it politically and sentimentally desirable to do so. Justice, he argues, was largely on Governor Berkeley's side, and the rebels fought not for freedom but rather for personal profit. In addition to telling an interesting tale well, the author has done a workmanlike historical job. J. P. MCFADDEN

JOURNEY TO JAVA, by Harold Nicolson (Doubleday, $5.00). A man who can sit down next to a fellow passenger on a winter cruise and amiably, but seriously, ask, "Do you suffer much from despair?" is no ordinary customer. Nor is the journal of reflections kept by this same thoughtfully sane man any ordinary diary. A retired diplomat, and the penetrating biographer of Verlaine, King George V, Curzon and Tennyson, Sir Harold Nicolson celebrated his seventieth birthday by taking a two-months voyage to the East Indies. Suspecting himself of too much contentment, he chose as his deck chair reading the works of a dozen or so of the world's melancholics—Galen to Amiel, Burton to Kierkegaard—with a view to trying to analyze the origins of what we have lately been calling *"Angst"* in a man's soul. His reflections are always shrewd; on Epicurus and Byron he is brilliant; and though, as might be expected from a man who has no symptoms of his own to study, his conclusions are never revolutionary, his interpolated observations on the sea, the weather, the other passengers, the Orient, are subtle and various enough to keep every page of his book alive. I was also inclined, temperamentally more than rationally, to agree with his judgment on rereading John Stuart Mill: "too plausible, assured, and passionless." Sir Harold's own book might be described as just the opposite. R. PHELPS

THE GINGER MAN, by J. P. Donleavy (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.95). Bohemia does not change much, from Murger to Henry Miller. It seems a good place to stay away from, and still it is perennial in every large city. Here is another modern, a Dublin version of the familiar theme, and written from the life. Mr. Donleavy belongs to the Angry Young Men's Association (Irish-American branch). His background comprises the Bronx and the University of Dublin. Angry young men are a bit of a puzzle, for they are all over thirty and it is difficult to determine what they are angry about—fate? the middle class? red brick universities? Mr. Donleavy writes of the Dublin of a decade ago. His principal characters are two deracinated American grotesques who, arriving in Dublin after the war, cadge and drift through an aimless succession of GI-Bill-supported days. These days Mr. Donleavy manages to recreate with veracious gusto. He writes well, no mistake about it. For better or worse his spiritual guides are Joyce and Miller. This is a sordid book, and yet its sordidness carries real conviction—that is, until Sebastian Dangerfield (the Ginger Man) leaves for London where his adventures become too distorted. In Dublin he should have remained. Fortunately for ourselves, it is a Dublin that most of us will never know. F. RUSSELL

AMERICAN ENGLISH, by Albert H. Marckwardt (Oxford, $4.50). The late H. L. Mencken, whose Anglophobia led him to argue that all Anglo-Saxons are cowards and that there is an "American language," created a steady market for books about the few real and the many supposititious differences between the British and the American use of English. Mr. Marckwardt strives to repair the damage done by Mencken's self-intoxicated wit and boisterous sophistries. He explains the real differences (*e.g.*, "creek" as a synonym for "brook"), and fills out his book with a collection of dialectical oddities. Since anyone who travels in linguistic territory these days must placate a well-organized Mafia, Mr. Marckwardt deprecates, as mildly as he dares, "highly restrictive rules [of grammar] and conservative attitudes." R. P. OLIVER

Aries, author of "One Hundred Hours to Bermuda" (July 5), regrets that he neglected to mention the publisher and price of the book *Under Full Sail*, with photographs by Morris Rosenfeld (Prentice-Hall, $7.50). He would also like to call attention to another book of Morris Rosenfeld's, *Story of American Yachting* (Abelard-Schuman, $12.50).

To the Editor

GOP Doldrums in New York

NATIONAL REVIEW has done a public service by pointing out [July 19] that, "Having . . . sewed up the support of New York's Modern Republicans, Nelson Rockefeller has donned false whiskers and is now going after conservatives."

Political transvestites were not new in 1944 and '48 when Dewey, the Republican contender for the key to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, echoed the blue-sky promises of the New Deal. Since 1952 their numbers have increased. Following Eisenhower's lead, Wayne Morse and Adam Clayton Powell boldly changed parties in mid-term, thus helping to destroy the line that once divided Republicans from Democrats, leaving the voters free to choose between opposing policies and platforms. If this trend holds and the two major parties integrate . . . freedom will vanish in the U.S.A.

This year the GOP, harassed by soaring prices, sagging payrolls and two too many Adamses on the front page, will have to find a better candidate than Nelson Rockefeller to lure reluctant voters to the polls. Republicans will stand in line to vote for *bona fide* Republicans but, offered a retread New Dealer, they're apt to stay at home and watch TV.

New York City MILDRED WILLIS HARRIS

Memo to Mrs. Heath

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed Mrs. Aloise Buckley Heath's "Before You Say No." [June 7]. I got such a laugh out of that. Why doesn't she write a book? She could beat *Don't Eat the Daisies* or anything else. She is terrific! Please tell her so from me.

Larchmont, N.Y. MARGARET GARRITY

Who's Protecting Whom?

Mr. Dekom's revelation ["To the Editor," July 19] of the allergy of Lions Club members to politics and other mature matters is startling, but if true it goes far to explain our national degradation. Is it possible that grown, responsible citizens cannot face each other in the knowledge that opinions differ? Is politics an emotional bombshell from which cringing conservatives (the dormant strain) must be sheltered? I hear the halls of the Liberal ant heaps ringing with collective laughter.

Los Angeles, Cal. RICHARD de MILLE

Affection, not Tolerance

Where but in NATIONAL REVIEW could one find such truly delightful reading as "Spain is Not an Office," by Peter Crumpet [July 19]. This article was conceived in an extraordinarily beautiful understanding of Spain and its people, with their almost startling blend of endurance and passion. Mr. Crumpet's approach to and insight into the real problems of the Spanish people are based not on tolerance but on a warm affection for them.

There is endless food for thought in the questions posed to us by the author: ". . . the City of God and the City of Man. Which is stronger, and which more important?" That question embraces every problem in the world.

Forest Hills, N.Y. MRS. A. E. BONBRAKE

Vicuna Blues

Some of the boys were standing around the bar at the Dove and Unicorn, having a discussion, and wondered if your learned magazine could clear up a point for us.

Was it Bernard Goldfine, back in the twenties or thirties, who wrote that splendid song:

> Button up your [vicuña] overcoat
> When the wind blows free,
> Take good care of yourself;
> You belong to me[?]

If you could resolve this trifling question in connection with the present to-do involving Mr. Goldfine and "the Governor," we'd be greatly obliged.

Starksboro, Vt. ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

Reminiscence

I approve of Congressman Oren Harris' objectives, but disapprove of his methods.

New York City ALFRED KOHLBERG

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